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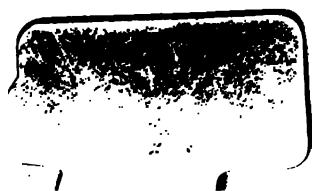
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\_\_\_\_\_ "Too much reduced to bear  
the fatigue of Writing, she dictated the  
following Letter to her Mother."

Page 40.

*Pub<sup>d</sup> by F. Westley, Stationers Court 1821*

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THE

ITALIAN CONVERT,

A Narrative,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

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Early, not sudden, was Narcissus's fate;  
Soon, not surprising, Death his visit paid;  
Her thoughts went forth to meet him on his way.

YOUNG.

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LONDON :

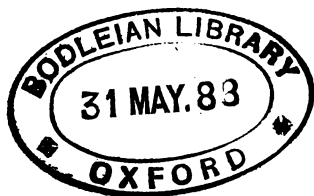
PRINTED FOR FRANCIS WESTLEY,  
10, STATIONERS' COURT, AND AVE MARIA LANE;

By J. Haddon, Tabernacle Walk.

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1821.

1489 - 5 714



THE  
ITALIAN CONVERT,  
&c.

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SCOTLAND is justly famed for the general intelligence and correct deportment of its inhabitants. In these respects, it presents a remarkable contrast to the ignorance and depravity of the lower orders of the Irish. This difference can only be ascribed to the general spread of education in the former country, associated, as it is, with the purest forms of Protestant worship, which are very generally respected, and punctually observed. In the latter country, the great bulk of the population resembles the uncultivated

desert, whose barrenness is only rendered more evident and lamentable, by a comparison with its neighbouring tract, whose verdure is perpetual and universal. But it ought never to be forgotten, that what cultivation has done for Scotland, it is capable of doing for Ireland also, and for every other country in the world. When it is recollected that Great Britain was once that moral desert which Ireland now exhibits; and, that by the combined influences of Christianity and civilization the desert has been made to "rejoice and blossom as the rose;" we may, with a more elevated reference than that of the Poet, exclaim with regard to Ireland,

"Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean."

At an early period of life Mr. Duncan Campbell left Scotland, in pursuit of those advantages which even the love of country, so powerful a passion in the

heart of a Scotchman, could not repress the desire of. He had been educated with care and assiduity in the principles of the national church, and had enjoyed the advantages of parental counsel and pious example. His proficiency in learning was considerable, while the whole of his behaviour was highly gratifying to his affectionate parents. They could not, however, part with him without anxious forebodings of what unfavorable impressions might be made upon his unformed character by the influence of temptation, and the absence of those means of safety which arise out of religious habits. Confident, however, in his *imaginary* strength of character, *he* saw no danger, and left the paternal roof with purposes and hopes too weak and too brilliant for execution and attainment.

Arrived on the Continent, his sober

habits were at first startled by the gaiety and impiety by which he found himself surrounded. For a while he maintained his custom of morning and evening prayer, perused his bible daily, and gave to religion, generally, the reverence of his understanding, when it had lost the affections of his heart. Being deprived, however, of the advantages of regular public worship, religion began to lose its hold of his veneration, and contracting familiarities with persons who paid it no visible regard, he insensibly acquired their indifference, became negligent of private prayer, and having made religion a *secondary* concern, the love of the world imperceptibly crept into his heart—dislodged the feeble remainders of religious principle—and finished by making him, what he thought the most desirable of attainments, a thorough man of the world.

Intent upon pushing his fortune, he suffered no considerations of principle to stand between him and the sunshine of prosperity. Whatever appeared to him to be *expedient*, he persuaded himself must be *right*. This maxim he soon reduced to practice by marrying an Italian lady of considerable property, and a strict Roman Catholic. The latter circumstance was not indeed at all to his taste, educated, as he had been, in the purest of the reformed churches; but the wealth of the lady thrown into the opposite scale, gave a speedy decision to his fluctuating mind; and, as the world and religion were the claimants upon his heart, he proclaimed himself a true worshipper of the "golden calf;" a shrine of such powerful allurements, as to number amongst its worshippers, not only those who are its declared votaries, but occasionally the ministers of a purer worship.

The lady to whom he became united blended with the most abject subjection to the superstitions of her church, a immoderate love of the world. She was indeed highly accomplished, and possessed of great personal attractions; but fascinating as she was upon an early acquaintance, she was destitute of those solid attainments and important principles, which, in married life, are essential to the production and preservation of esteem; which, if it take not the place of that ardor of personal attachment that usually precedes marriage, leaves a void in domestic life which nothing else can supply. While the excitement of novelty lasted, they fancied themselves happy; but, as there was no congeniality of taste, habits, or pursuits, they each attempted to establish an independent happiness, and thus poisoned the stream of matrimonial felicity at its source.

Soon after his marriage Mr. Campbell had written to his father, to inform him of the circumstance; and though he did not conceal the fact of his wife being a Catholic, he represented it as a circumstance of no importance, especially when coupled with the substantial advantage of a large fortune, which opened to him the prospect of extensive happiness. He could not, however, though he had succeeded in satisfying himself upon that subject, believe that the reasons which had appeared so conclusive to him, would be esteemed equally valid by his father. He therefore waited with some impatience for a reply to his letter, which he at length received, and which was expressed in the following terms.

Aberdeen, May 7th, 1803.

“MY DEAR SON,

THE affectionate solicitude which I feel in your welfare, can only subside

with my expiring life. While it is impossible for me ever to be indifferent to your temporal felicity, I must confess that my principal anxiety connects itself with a higher object. Impute it not to fanatacism that I consider the interests of the present life as "less than nothing and vanity" when compared with the absorbing realities of eternity. It is of some consequence to us while we live, whether our path be strewed with roses, or beset with thorns; but the greatness of those realities which succeed death, renders every thing in the way to it comparatively insignificant. It may be difficult to the buoyant heart of youth to believe this sober truth; but to the reflection of age it has the evidence of demonstration. Seen in the light of this truth, life is indeed an important thing: not, however, as an *end*, but as a *mean*. It has indeed about it the importance of a race, but the importance

is relative—not in the race, but in the prize. Wisdom consists in assigning to every thing its relative importance; and there is no folly more evident than that which mistakes the means for the end. That the present state of being cannot be final is evident from the capacity of the soul for higher enjoyments than the world pretends to bestow—from the imperfect administration of rewards and punishments—and, finally, from the discoveries of revelation. These truths are not new to you; they “grew with your growth, and strengthened with your strength;” but what is their practical influence upon your heart and life? Do they exist in your mind as abstractions which *may be true*, or as realities which *cannot be false*, and ought not to be slighted? My fears I confess are great. When I consider the unfavorable circumstances in which you are placed—the influence of tempta-

tion—and the absence of religious advantages, my apprehensions of danger exceed my hopes of safety; and I reckon your success in life amongst the chief of those dangers. Thousands who have successfully buffeted the waves of affliction, have been lost in the calm of prosperity. O that my dear son may never increase the fearful number!

I learn with regret the matrimonial connection you have formed. As a descendant of ancestors who counted not their lives dear unto them in defence of the pure discipline, I cannot but think it degrading to have selected for a partner in life a person in visible connection with Antichrist. But, unseemly as such an association may be for a disciple of Knox and a North Briton, it is upon grounds of general inexpedience that I deplore your unadvised and unpromising marriage. Whether it be unlawful, or

not, to form so permanent and important a connection with a person of differing sentiments with regard to a particular denomination, the rule is clear and absolute, that a believer is not to be yoked with an unbeliever, and that while much is left to our discretion on that subject, matrimony is to be subordinated to the divine approbation, and Christians are to be united "only in the Lord." As it is, I can only follow you with my best advice, and trust that the effects which I anticipate may not be realized.

An evil incidental to such imprudent alliances, is, the difference of opinion likely to ensue with regard to the conduct of the education of children, who are either instructed in the peculiar sentiments of *one* parent, or, which not unfrequently happens in such cases, are entirely neglected, and left, out of the elements of a mere worldly education, to

make their own election of a profession of religion, which generally amounts to an ungrounded preference of some peculiar mode of worship, while the mind remains totally unacquainted with the more important genius of Christianity.

In the event of your having a family I pray that this ordinary result of an imprudent choice may not be your experience; or, if it should, that the blessing which usually attend the religious education of children may be vouchsafed through other channels.

The state of your mother's health is far from promising; anxiety on account of your most important interests appears to be undermining her constitution. She desires to be most affectionately remembered to you, and prays unceasingly, that the early indications of piety which you afforded, may by *any* means be justified by the prodigal's return.

You will not, I hope, charge me with either enthusiasm or severity for writing in this strain. Be assured that the most affectionate solicitude has prompted this letter; and, if experience may teach, believe your aged parent, that there is no wisdom without goodness, nor any goodness without religion.

Write soon and often; and refresh my spirit, if you can, with tidings of your return to the ways of wisdom: for "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Believe me ever  
Your affectionate father,  
D. CAMPBELL."

*To Mr. D. Campbell.*

The above letter found Mr. Campbell involved in a course of gaiety with which its serious strain but ill assorted. It produced, however, a shock, which for a

season interrupted the current of his pleasures. The respect in which he held the soundness of his father's understanding—the conviction he had of his exalted piety—and the misgivings which he felt in the midst of his enjoyments, gave a weight to the communication which imposed upon it a character of importance too great to be entirely disregarded, and too impressive to be despised. He recurred in imagination to the paternal roof, and there he traced domestic happiness founded upon rational and exemplary piety. In imagination he listened to the morning and evening hymn of praise—the periodical reading of the holy word—and the fervent and enlightened prayer of his affectionate father, and remembered how oft *he* had been the special subject of the most earnest petitions. He accompanied his parents in idea to the kirk of his fathers, and re-

heard the awful denunciations and the tender appeals of the minister. His heart smote him, and he exclaimed, "O that it were with me as in months past!"

The part of the letter, however, which most deeply affected him, was that which represented his mother as suffering in her health on account of his religious interests. The thought occurred to him with bitterness, that she might be precipitating her death by a solicitude on his account, while he was quite indifferent upon the subject. Under the influence of this impression he vowed reformation; and, while the impression lasted, resumed his early habits of prayer and reading the scriptures, and refrained from some of his habitual pleasures: but, as his reformation was the effect of *feeling*, and not of *principle*, it subsided with its cause, and he

soon resumed his thoughtlessness and gaiety.

In the year 1803 he became a father by the birth of the subject of this narrative. This took place at Rome, where he then resided. To a reflecting mind there are few circumstances more impressive than the birth of a child. Whether the preservation afforded the mother, or the introduction of an immortal being into a state of probation be considered. This event, however, wore in the apprehensions of the parents only the character of a circumstance of ordinary occurrence. No gratitude to a Divine Benefactor, no conviction of awful responsibility, mingled with their feelings on this occasion. It added indeed to their festive gaiety in its results; but, when those causes of exhilaration had subsided, the stream of their pursuits resumed its

ordinary course. Their engagements were too numerous and too alluring to allow the mother to comply with the dictate of nature, by becoming the nurse of her own child; and a stranger was therefore hired to *act* the part of a mother to the infant.

The same general causes which indisposed the mother to fulfil her evident duties to her infant, pervaded the whole of her conduct in the affair of education. No attention whatever was given to the cultivation of her daughter's *understanding*, which was left to develop itself as it might; while ceaseless vigilance was bestowed upon the care of her *person*. Compared with the importance of looking well or ill, the regulation of her temper, and the improvement of her mind were considered as unworthy of attention.

The person of Euphemia was, indeed, such as the fondest parents could desire;

and when entered into her thirteenth year, indicated the most perfect beauty. Already she excited general admiration, and upon this circumstance her mother built her hopes of a good establishment for her daughter. To qualify her for the duties of a permanent settlement, entered not indeed into the prospective of Mrs. Campbell; a splendid establishment comprised, in her estimation, all the sources of felicity. With a view, therefore, to the accomplishment of this object, she was incessantly occupied in comparing the respective eligibilities of different persons, that she might finally select for her daughter the most advantageous partner for life. Whether that person might also prove the object of her daughter's choice, was a circumstance never taken into the account of this scheming lady.

Next to personal charms, Mrs. Campbell relied upon accomplishments for the success of her plans; and in Italy, where the request in which they are held, and the means of attaining them are equally great, she was at no loss to supply these supplementary attractions of a beautiful person. *Display* was the entire principle, if principle it might be called, which pervaded the education of Euphemia. Excitements to vanity were thus constantly supplied, and the desire of shining incorporated with all her attainments. The fountain of education, thus corrupted at its source, could only yield bitter waters. The effects corresponded with their causes: the mind of Euphemia produced only the weeds of vanity and affectation; and formed upon the model of her mother, she became indeed a beautiful toy, to be admired and ruined,

The general *nature* and *end* of education being thus mistaken, it is not to be supposed that better care was taken on the subject of religion. We have seen that Mr. Campbell had subsided into a complete man of the world; he was consequently indifferent to the subject of his daughter's religious impressions: and the character of her mother was such as to concentrate her religious views and feelings in a blind and zealous bigotry; of the genius of true religion she knew absolutely nothing. The attachment which she felt to religion, was that of an ignorant veneration of authority without credentials: and the interest which she felt in its visibilities, was purely the imposing effect of its scenic representations. The usages of the church of Rome had acquired a hold upon her imagination and affections, but to the purifying and enno-

bling effects of Christian principles she was an utter stranger. She had so often witnessed the bloodless sacrifice of the mass, that she had become insensible to the Saviour's bloody sweat in the garden; and was so familiar with the symbolic cross, as to see no glory in the cross of Calvary. Her whole system was one of commutation of punishment: instead of the punishment due to sin, she substituted that of penance; instead of confessing iniquity to the only Being who can absolve from its guilt, she confessed to her priest, and received *his* absolution. There was also in her system, pervading it throughout, the principle of barter: by so much devotion she purchased so much title to the enjoyment of the world; and the mass of the Sabbath morning was the price of attendance at the Opera in the evening. It was indeed an expedient to secure a reversionary interest in heaven,

connected with an ample enjoyment of the world in the way to it.

This miserable substitute for religion she was anxious to impart to her daughter. The indifference of her husband favoured her views; and the imposing attractions of a splendid ritual captivate the immaturity of youth. On all occasions of extraordinary pomp Euphemia was a delighted spectator.

With a view to acquiring a correct acquaintance with the English language Mr. Campbell was induced to select as preceptress for his daughter a distant relative of the family. To Mrs. Campbell this arrangement was far from gratifying but she at length consented, though with reluctance, and Euphemia was at the age of fifteen sent to England, and placed in an establishment superintended by a lady of the first respectability, and in all respects eminently qualified for the

important charge of conducting the closing stage of youthful instruction. To a well informed mind she united an anxious concern for the moral and religious improvement of her pupils. In addition to the responsibility which she felt for the general improvement of those committed to her charge, it was her anxious desire to employ the influence of her authority and example in the formation and cultivation of those religious principles, which, in her estimation, were indispensable to the true happiness and moral dignity of her pupils. In her exhibition of religion there was nothing repulsive: her whole conduct was the evident result of principle; and the habitual cheerfulness which she evinced, conveyed the impression that her piety was equally genuine in its character, and valuable in its results.

Compared with the gaieties which Euphemia had relinquished, the order of Mrs. Wilson's establishment was more to her taste, than the monotony of a nunnery. The periodical recurrence of devotional exercises, and the reverence for the Sabbath, so different from the habits to which she had been accustomed, made her sigh for the pleasures which she had relinquished, and look forward with impatience to the time when she should return to her native country, and resume her wonted gratifications. She could not help observing, however, that uncomfortable as she felt, her companions were evidently happy; and that the satisfaction which they experienced, was, if less intense, more uniform, than the gaiety which had so much charmed her in Italy. To her experience told her, it depended on casual excitement; *here*, it was the

form result of intelligent occupation. *There* the desire of shining, and of extorting applause, was the ruling passion: *here*, the consciousness of progressive improvement, and of self-approbation, imparted a happiness increased by reflection, and confirmed by habit.

The steady application which was unavoidable in this establishment, was, in this, as in all other instances, its own reward. The consciousness of progress became a source of gratification; and, Euphemia, began to suspect that the end of her existence might be something more than to inspire the admiration of *one* sex, and the envy of the *other*; that dancing and singing might *not* be the highest distinctions of an intellectual nature; and, that there might be some *duties* to be performed, as well as *pleasures* to be enjoyed by rational agents. The influence of association insensibly affected her cha-

racter ; and, as she was not destitute of a good understanding, she soon came to the conclusion, that, the estimation of the wise was preferable to the admiration of fools ; and, that to *be* was better than to *seem* happy.

In this state of mind, she seriously perused the scriptures, a book, which, as a Catholic, she seldom looked into. How great, therefore, was her surprise, when, throughout the whole New Testament, she could find no trace of the Church which she had hitherto venerated. Instead of finding there, any description of a cumbrous hierarchy, and pompous ceremonies ; she could only discover, an unworldly sanctuary, and the simplest institutions. Instead of a Pope, of Cardinals, and of Priests, she found only ministers to teach, and elders to regulate the concerns of the church. She so discovered that whatever *political* ex-

diency there might be in the machinery of the Church of Rome, there could be no religious use ; and, as she became better acquainted with the New Testament, she arrived at the conclusion, that popery was a gross perversion of the genius of Christianity : and, that its influence tended to obscure the light of revelation, as painted windows, however beautiful, diminish the light which they ought to admit. Early prejudices came, indeed, in aid of a falling church ; but, though her feelings clung to the charms of superstition, her judgment, aware of its fallacy, renounced its authority.

To a frequent and serious perusal of the scriptures, she was indebted for a change of mind, infinitely more important than that which respected the papacy : a change, embracing in its results, her present happiness, and future prospects ; a change, which, affecting chiefly

her heart, developed itself by the formation of a character entirely new, and in many respects, essentially opposed to that which had grown out of a perverted education. In the light of the scriptures, her mistakes on many important subjects became evident. The precedence which she had hitherto given to the present state of being, compared with that to which it is obviously introductory, appeared to her in the light of a mistake the most unreasonable, and unwarrantable. The character of the author of revelation which had previously been entertained, as a mere abstraction of the mind, now became an impressive reality, affecting her heart. She now saw it cloathed with a splendor too intense for the immortal eyes of seraphim, and associated with a purity in comparison with which, "the heavens are not clean." But if she was *awed* by the perception of the character

of the Deity, as revealed in the scriptures: she was *humbled* by the same testimony with reference to the degeneracy and guilt of human nature; and, from what was affirmed of the mass, came to the same humiliating conclusion with respect to every individual composing that mass. Under this conviction, she felt *herself* included: and, analysing her motives, obtained a full, though painful, corroboration, of the verities of holy writ. Her acquaintance with the disease, was, however, associated with a discovery of the remedy: and, instead of disputing the testimony, she applied the remedy, and obtained that moral cure, which is at the alone disposal of the great Physician.

Her character from this time assumed a dignity corresponding with the important change which had taken place in her views and feelings; not that she became gloomy or morose. Her cheerful-

ness, on the contrary, was habitual; but, it was also regulated. If she discovered less of senseless mirth; she evinced more of solid happiness. If she was less frequently excited than before, she was more uniformly satisfied. Her happiness instead of being at the disposal of others, was in her own keeping. In devotional exercises, never intermitted, she experienced a gratification which she had in vain sought in the gayest circles: and the consciousness of aiming at exalted ends, by worthy means, imbued her mind with an uninterrupted tranquillity, serene and transparent as the unperturbed lake.

While the study of the scriptures had produced this important change: her progress in religious attainments, was happily promoted, by her occasional attendance, during the vacations, upon the ministry of a popular and valuable presbyterian minister, in London, at whose

Chapel she attended, with the family with whom she was residing, and who were constant attendants at that place of worship. The popularity of this preacher, is equally creditable to himself, and his hearers : no eccentricity of manner, no species of unwarranted attraction being employed, it deserves to be considered as the legitimate result of valuable ministerial endowments, exerted in the spirit of his office, and under the rules prescribed by the Head of the church. In the preaching of this excellent man, there is, however, a circumstance well calculated to secure the end of ministerial labours. He is remarkably affectionate : and, the epithet which should designate his preaching, is, *love*. Sufficiently intellectual to satisfy the mind ; his preaching is chiefly directed to the *heart*. His solicitude for the happiness of the youthful part of his auditory, is exemplary.

The personal attention which he bestows upon a numerous Sunday School, assembling at his Chapel, is equally tender and unremitting ; nor has so much vigilance been unrecompensed ; not a few instances have occurred to prove, that, the seed thus sown, has been abundantly blessed ; what may be the total result of good done, can only be known when "*the day shall reveal it.*"

This character of tenderness and solicitude for youth, is also a marked feature in the preaching of this useful minister ; and, in the case of the subject of this narrative, was eminently useful, in enlarging her views, and confirming her principles. In the house of God, she was at once strengthened and regaled ; and would often exclaim, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness forever."

The only circumstance which had a depressing influence upon her happiness, was, the anxiety she felt with respect to her parents. Her own change of views, and the happiness resulting from that change, made her anxious that they might become acquainted with those principles and feelings which were interwoven with her happiness. Every argument which convinced her that she was *right*, proved that they must be *wrong*. A mistake *here* she felt must be fatal; she longed, therefore, to impart to them her feelings and apprehensions; but, restrained by modesty, could not bring herself to the ungracious task of becoming the reprover of her parents. Again she accused herself of cowardice, and of want of zeal for the cause to which she owed all her enjoyments, and all her prospects.

The conflict was severe. She deferred, however, from day to day, the meditated

epistle, trusting that some event might occur, or some time more propitious arise, when she might with less risk of blame and more hope of success, fulfil the imperative duty. *An event did occur—a time more propitious to them, did arrive, as will appear in the sequel of this narrative.*

In the mean time, the improvement of Euphemia was advancing, and the time drew near when she should revisit her native country; a prospect, which, before her important change of character, would have exhilarated her spirits; for, she had left the attractions of Italy with regret. So entirely, however, were her views changed upon this subject, that, she *now* regretted the necessity of quitting England, and felt dismayed at the scene of gaiety and temptation which lay before her. Not only had she lost the relish for those pleasures which had formerly ab-

sorbed her; she now felt an incurable aversion to them. But, if she knew that she was going to a scene little accordant with her estimate of happiness; she felt that she was leaving one in which all the elements of her felicity were included. To the retiring habits of the family in which she resided—its periodical devotions—and the occasional ministry of her beloved teacher, she clung with the fondness of youthful fervor: and, though her affection to her parents was unabated, she shrunk from the meditated exchange of countries, as from a positive, though undefinable evil.

Her apprehensions on this account might, however, have been spared; for, though the gourd yet flourished in all its beauty, there was a worm at the root. The carnation of her cheek was deceptive—the brilliancy of her complexion falla-

cious. She was the subject of incipient consumption. Instead of blooming upon an Italian shore, she was destined to expand in brighter regions. The alternation which characterises that insidious foe, marked her disease. Her friends now hoped, now feared, until the failure of means, and of the reaction of youth, too plainly indicated the final issue. Euphemia needed not that any should intimate to her the probable termination of her illness: she contemplated it as near, and not undesirable. The spectre wore an angel's face. Short indeed had been her race, but she had arrived at the goal; and the radiant crown which the judge held forth, sustained her under the closing efforts to which was to be adjudged the prize. Nature recoiled, indeed, from approaching dissolution; but if she felt fear, it was not of *death*, but of *dying*:

the *results* of death were the objects of her warmest desire; the *act* of dying alone was appalling. To be removed from a world whose charms were withered, and to be received into one whose attractions engrossed her affections, was a consummation she devoutly wished. She knew that the keys of the invisible world hung at her Saviour's girdle—that the *time* and *manner* of her death were under his regulation, and would be most conducive to his glory. As it was her earnest desire to have honored her Redeemer in her *life*, so she was anxious to glorify him in her *death*. The *sting* of death being extracted, she contemplated it not only as *harmless*, but *desirable*; inasmuch as it would affix the seal of immutability upon her character and happiness. To be for ever *incapable* of sin, and continually advancing in purity, included, in her esti-

mation, a heaven worth dying for: and having seen by faith an incarnate Saviour the world had nothing to offer worth living for. The language of her heart was therefore, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation,*

But though her ardent spirit was pluming its wings for flight, it still hovered over her beloved parents, for whose eternal welfare she presented unceasing supplication at the throne of heavenly grace. In the near prospect of eternity, she could not satisfy herself without making some effort to impress them with the truth and importance of those views which were now the source of her peace and happiness. Too much reduced to bear the fatigue of writing, she dictated the following letter to her mother.

London, Aug. 1820.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

THE affection which prompts this communication, will, I trust, be accepted as an extenuation of the seeming impropriety of offering advice and counsel to my beloved parent. The relation which subsists between us, will have been dissolved before you receive this letter. I have learned, without dismay, that my continuance in the present world cannot be *long*, and may be very *short*. You will perhaps wonder that such a conviction does not fill me with terror. I will simply relate to you the means by which I have attained this invaluable composure. The separation from my parents, which at the time, filled me with anguish, has been the occasion of my acquiring

mother will yet become a diligent reader of the word of God, and, that, painful as must be our present separation, it will not be *final*.

My dear father will, I trust, put the most favorable construction upon a letter contained in the same packet, and, dictated by the same motives which have influenced me in addressing you. Farewell, a long farewell, my dearest mother. O that we may meet, "where parting is a sound unknown!"

Believe me, my dearest mother, with an affection which death can only strengthen,

Your devoted daughter,

EUPHEMIA CAMPBELL."

The effort which Euphemia made to dictate the above letter, was too much for her debilitated frame; and she was under the necessity of deferring for a short period, that which she felt anxious to transmit to her father. She, however, exerted herself on the following day, and in a state of great exhaustion, dictated the following,

London, Aug. 11, 1820.


“MY DEAR FATHER,

THE near approach of an event which will deprive you of a daughter, is my apology for addressing you upon a subject, which, in other circumstances might have excited your displeasure. The subject is, indeed, grave, but it is

also interesting. My earthly duties, though few in number, are important. But, as the season for their performance is contracting apace, I dare not defer, what I know to be a positive duty, lest procrastination should deprive me of opportunity.

I am fast hastening to the grave, but, it is divested of its terrors. The "rose of Sharon" has been there, and left a long perfume behind. Trusting in "the resurrection and the life," I cheerfully resign myself to the dishonour of the tomb, well knowing, that what is "sown in dishonour, will be raised in glory," and, that my spirit, separated from the body, will be "present with the Lord." I am anxious, however, to put upon record my dying wish with respect to my beloved father. It is, that, when you are brought into the same circumstances, you may

experience the same consolations which I feel, and which, alone, can smoothe the passage to eternity. You have enjoyed the blessing of a religious education—you are descended from a pious ancestry—and you will soon, I trust, be the father of a daughter “passed into the skies.” By the recollection of a pious ancestry—by the blessings of a pious education—and by the memory of a deceased daughter, I conjure you to renounce the world, to aspire after heaven, and to prepare for death. May I recommend, as the most important mean towards these important ends, that, you will seriously study the holy scriptures; a practice, to which I am indebted for all my peace, and hope; and, that leaving the polluted shores of Italy, you will retire to your native country, and avail yourself of the religious privileges of



that favoured spot. If emancipated spirits have communion with their earthly relations, and sympathy with those whom they have left behind, be permitted ; how extatic will be my joy, if my father should be added as a jewel to the Redeemer's mediatorial crown ! and if my death should be instrumental to the production of that effect. My heart is full : but, it will soon cease to palpitate. My race is run—it has been short—but, I cannot on my own account regret that circumstance. One hour's communion with my exalted Redeemer, in his kingdom, is preferable to all the kingdoms of this world, with all their fascinations.

I leave my last request with my dear father—that he will henceforth consider, and act upon the conviction, that the

care of the soul is the "one thing needful."

In the present world, we meet no more! O for a re-union in the realms of bliss!

Farewell my dear father,

Yours, in death itself,

EUPHEMIA CAMPBELL.

The illness of Euphemia was now assuming an alarming character. To her attendants it was evident, that the fatal hour was at hand. The minister to whom she was so much indebted for the extension and solidity of her religious attainments, paid her frequent visits. Seated upon a sofa, with her Bible lying close

to her, she employed her hours in consulting its sacred pages, and in turning down those parts which particularly harmonised with her particular situation. Numerous were the proofs which it afforded of frequent use; especially in those chapters of the New Testament, relating more immediately to the character and redemption of the Saviour. The interviews between Euphemia and her minister, were deeply interesting. The frame of her mind was uniformly spiritual. Her conversation evinced a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of an elevated piety. The absolute nothingness of the world, and the absorbing importance of eternity, were strongly implied in, and frequently the express subject of her conversation. The visits of her loved teacher were golden opportuni-

for which she always expressed her gratitude ; nor were they less interesting to *him*. To witness so eminent an example of the power of religion in one so young, and to have instrumentally contributed to its formation, filled him with gratitude and joy. Confirmed in his belief of the truth of the doctrines which he inculcated, by this new and convincing proof of their efficacy, he felt encouraged in his public labours, and strengthened in his private devotions.

The subject on which she delighted to dwell, was, that of the love of Christ to his people, and the claims which the manifestation of that love gave him upon the affections of his disciples. It was the subject of her constant regret that she did not love the Redeemer more ; and, of her brightest hope, that she

should soon see him as he is, and like him for ever.

To the young friends who visited her she enlarged upon the advantages of early piety, and remarked, how forlorn must have been her present situation without those cheering prospects which gladdened her heart. Of the precariousness of life she was herself an affecting example. They saw her about to depart; but, she was departing in peace. She had indeed a journey before her, but it was to her "*father's house*." The serenity of her countenance—the conviction of her sincerity—and the sublimity of her spirit, inspired her youthful friends with a deep impression of the value of those principles, which could deprive death of its gloom—the grave of its terror—and eternity of its dread; and

they exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."

Confined to her bed, her endeared Bible was still her companion. Every interval allowed by her complaint, was improved to turn over the precious pages; and, when from debility she became incapable of this fatigue, she engaged her attendants to read to her. Having dictated the letters to her parents, she appeared to consider her connexion with the present world as closed; and, in spirit held communion with that blissful state which she was destined soon to enter.


In the immediate prospect of death, she remained undaunted. She "knew in whom she had believed, and felt persuaded that he would keep that which

she had committed to him against that day." In her Judge, she recognised her Saviour, "the Lord her righteousness." Her own performances she utterly renounced, counting them "filthy rags," and confided exclusively in the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness. She felt the strong attractions of the cross, and gloried in that *alone*.

Desirous to depart, she was yet willing to "wait her appointed time until her change should come." Her will was absorbed in the will of her heavenly father. Waiting for the Son of God from heaven, the graces of patience, and of expectation, were equally exercised. It now, however, became evident, that, the time of her departure was at hand. Her consolations kept pace with her sufferings, and, the certainty of their "working

together for good," more than reconciled her to her afflictions. As she drew near to the celestial gate, her desire to enter it became more vehement; and, as she traversed the suburbs of the heavenly Jerusalem, her joy kindled into rapture, and her hope was evidently brightening into fruition.

To the friends who surrounded her dying bed, she declared, that, she died a Protestant; and expressed her gratitude to God that she had been enabled to detect and renounce the delusions of Popery. She expressed great concern about her mother, who was still blinded by its superstitions. She did not, indeed, think salvation absolutely unattainable within the pale of that corrupt community; but, she considered that the direct tendency of its observances was emi-



netly unfavorable to the attainment of that object. She knew that its devotees, like the pharisees of old, were attempting to establish their own righteousness, and thus fatally mistaking the genius of the gospel. But, the circumstance which most discouraged her, was, the ignorance in which the people were designedly kept with respect to the scriptures; the study of which had been the instrumental cause of her own conversion. She, therefore, earnestly requested that her own bible might be sent to her mother, which, for *her sake*, she trusted her dear parent would peruse. It was the only legacy she had to bequeath; but, it was one of incalculable value.

In proportion as her strength diminished, her faith became invigorated. The assurance of being speedily ad-

mitted to the society of "the just made perfect;" and of casting her crown at the Redeemer's feet, filled her with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Addressing herself to her attendants, she observed; "I can never be sufficiently thankful for the experience I enjoy of the power of religion, at this important season. How agonizing would be my feelings now, if I had any doubt upon the subject of my final destiny; but, 'I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.' That title is not, however, founded upon the delusion of my own innocence; alas! I am too, too guilty; but, 'who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right

hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us'."

It was now evident that her spirit was about to soar: the harbingers of death were conducting her through the dark valley; but, she felt no fear, for "the Lord was her shepherd: his rod, and his staff, comforted her:" and while her anxious friends witnessed the mortal change, her spirit, purified by heavenly influences, obeyed the welcome summons, "Come up hither," and flew to its kindred skies.

Lovely in death, as in life, her corpse retained the serenity and beauty which had so long distinguished her, and drew from her friends the pathetic exclamation:—

" Ah, lovely appearance of death !  
What sight upon earth is so fair ?  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe  
Can with a dead body compare.  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead."

The circumstance of committing her interesting remains to the dust, gave occasion to the following address, delivered by her affectionate minister to a deeply attentive auditory.

## ADDRESS.

The place in which we are assembled is adapted to impress the most thoughtless with salutary reflections on life—death—and immortality. Surrounded, as we are, by the emblems of mortality, and by records of the ravages of death, shall we not learn the obvious lesson of human frailty? How brief the abridged term of human life, “three score years and ten!” but, it is not more remarkable for its brevity than for its precarious tenure. The epitaphs which solicit our perusal, enumerate a large majority of youthful victims. Once animated by the vigor, and elated by the prospects of youth, they enjoyed a prospective felicity.

city, which has subsided into the dreariness of the tomb. Death saw them putting the enchanted cup to their lips, and dashed it from their grasp. Their unfinished plans—their delusive schemes—their visionary hopes, have all perished. Of all that they possessed, nothing has followed them into eternity, but their *character*. And it is this circumstance that gives to death its emphatic importance. It is *not*, that it includes the dissolution of a structure “fearfully and wonderfully made :” *not*, that it is repulsive in contemplation—and, appalling in its attendant circumstances; but, that it puts the final seal to character, and renders all moral change impossible. It is in this world *alone* that the atonement of an exalted Saviour is offered—that divine influences are promised and im-

parted, and that regeneration is vouchsafed. Where there are no means of change, there can be no change; and it is upon this ground, that he who at death "is unjust, shall be unjust still, and he who is filthy, shall be filthy still."

The perishable nature of man is, however, most conspicuous, and impressive, when viewed in contrast with those works of skill and durability of which he is the author. Admiring the design and perseverance which contrived and superintended the erection and completion of the imposing structure in which successive generations have worshipped the God of their fathers; we revert insensibly to the designer, and find, that enclosed within a few feet and inches, beneath the pavement of the temple which

his art contributed to raise and embellish, are deposited, the remains of the renowned architect.

It is however, consoling, under the pensive train of thought which a contemplation of the mutability of the present state is calculated to induce, to repose our confidence upon a being who is absolutely eternal, and immutable; and, under the influence of an appropriating faith to exclaim, "Lord thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world: even from *eternity* to *eternity* thou art God."

That the present state of existence is not the whole of our being, has been inferred from the light of nature: but it is the gospel alone, that has "brought life

and immortality to light." The *fact* of our Lord's resurrection has established the *possibility*, and the *certainty*, of a general resurrection of the dead. He is expressly stiled "the first fruits of them that sleep;" the harvest will assuredly follow. In depositing, therefore, the remains of our departed friend in the grave, we have been sowing *seed for eternity*. But, it is important to recollect, that the process of sowing for eternity, does not *commence* at the grave, though it *terminates* there. It is a continuous operation, pervading the *whole* of life. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

I cannot permit this assembly to disperse, without endeavouring to impress the solemn and affecting warning, which the early death of our deceased friend addresses to the spectators of this funeral. And may I not with the strictest propriety say, "Be ye also ready?" you cannot surely delude yourselves with a vain security: for, the deceased "came up as a flower, and was cut down." Death, with his enormous scythe, is mowing down the human race; and you who are now the *spectators* of a funeral, will shortly be its *subject*. But, are *you* ready? The deceased *was* prepared, and could say without presumption, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Conscious that the *great transaction was*

*settled*, she quited life without reluctance, descended to the grave with composure, and is now with "the spirits of the just made perfect." May we all *witness* and share her triumphs, for the Redeemer's sake. AMEN.

*settled*, she quitted life without reluctance, descended to the grave with composure, and is now with "the spirits of the just made perfect." May we all *witness* and *share* her triumphs, for the Redeemer's sake. AMEN,

A simple Epitaph, of which the following is a copy, is inscribed upon her tomb-stone,

If youth and beauty join'd could save,  
Or respite gain of lengthen'd years ;  
Untenanted had been this grave,  
Unshed the mourner's flowing tears.

If piety a claim might urge  
To turn aside the fatal dart ;  
Unsung had been the fun'ral dirge,  
Untorn the parent's bleeding heart.


But youth and beauty felt the sting,  
And piety the mandate knew ;  
Death, not unwelcome, cut the string ;  
To realms of bliss her spirit flew.

EUPHEMIA CAMPBELL, OB. Sept. 15,  
1820. Æ. 17.

The dying request of Euphemia with regard to her Bible was not forgotten. Shortly after her interment, a parcel, containing the precious legacy, was sent to her mother, accompanied by a letter, which announced her death. The affliction of her parents was extreme; that of her mother, in particular, was aggravated by the circumstance of her daughter's renunciation of popery, which she deplored with anguish. Her father, on the contrary, was solaced by her better choice, and by a letter which he received from his countryman, the presbyterian minister, who had taken so lively an interest in his daughter's spiritual welfare. The pious and intelligent strain of his letter came in aid of principles which had been long struggling with worldly influences; and, he resolved, in compliance with his

daughter's dying request, to study daily a book which was endeared to him by the comfort which it had imparted to his lamented child. In pursuance of the wish expressed in Euphemia's letter, he resolved to quit "the polluted shores of Italy," and, in his own country, to spend the autumn of life; where, by a diligent use of religious advantages, he was desirous to prepare for that blessed region, where "everlasting spring abides." The fortune which he had amassed, was rendered comparatively useless; for *she* whom it should have enriched, had taken possession of a "better inheritance."

If there be *one* sentiment, which more than any other is inculcated by this narrative, it is that of the *supreme importance of the Holy Scriptures*. By the sun of revelation, the mists of superstition, and



the clouds of conscious guilt were dispersed; and, she who had been nursed in ignorance, was made "wise unto salvation!"

FINIS.



*Shortly will be Published,*

THE  
**VICAR OF IVER:**  
A TALE,

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